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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Sir R. L. Knight,

AND

T. O. D.

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A

DIALOGUE.

Doctor *O.* HOld, Sir, why ſo faſt? Should your Worſhip now be found ſcampering again, and upon the Wing, (though not I hope for *Holland*) for all your Pilloring of me, you may chance paſs with ſome People for a Knight of the *Poſt* too.

Sir *R.* Indeed Doctor you find me habited ſomewhat like a Man of Expedition, but not, as you would malicioufly inſinuate, running away: I ſee you have none of that diſtinguiſhing Faculty which has alway attended my way of Writing: Though I may look like one that is making a ſort of Faſhionable Retreat, and have the *Habitus* of a Man in the *Mode*, yet I am not come to the *Modality* it ſelf, which is the very *Actus* that muſt denominate a man *a Run-away*.

Dr.

Dr. *O.* So then, all this Rhetorical Circumlocution ſerves only to tell us, you are only, what we call in our vulgar Tongue, *Abſconding.*

Sir *R.* Truly I were, as they commonly call it, actually *Abſconded*; but it was my Fate to fare, as in the Buſineſs of your old Friend Sir *Patience*; when they were hunting for one Knight, they ſtumbled in a Garret upon another, who gave them the ſlip, left me in the lurch; and the greater Hypocrite of the Two had the better luck; and *ſo good night Sir* Nicholas.

Dr. *O.* Why, methinks you might have taken warning by me too; I ſtaid alſo a little too long after the Tide was turn'd: *Fœlix quem faciunt*, &c. was as good a Leſſon as ever you learnt on the *Fiddle*; and you know what follow'd, Friend, from my Fool-hardineſs; I was forc'd to follow the Cart for it; and your *fiddling Obſervators* help'd to lead me ſuch a Dance, that you would be loth to have ſuch another to the ſame Tune.

Sir *R.* You had a little hard meaſure, I muſt confeſs, Doctor, and I were a little too ſmart upon your misfortunes, when your Back-ſide ſufficiently ſmarted; and when you were faſt enough in the Pillory, I had ſo little Conſcience as to toſs you from Pillar to Poſt in my Papers; but I hope, ſince you have been ſo much *Paſſive*, and ſuch a *Goſpeller*, you have learnt ſomewhat of that Chriſtian Temper, *the doing Good for Evil.*

Dr.

Dr. *O.* Why, Friend *Roger*, I muſt tell you th[illegible] *in Verbum Sacerdotis*, if my *Paſſiveneſs* would do thee any *Good*, I could *ſuffer* whipping once more to *Tyburn* to ſee thee hang'd.

Sir *R.* I muſt confeſs Dr. *O.* (for till now I could never call thee any thing but plain *Titus*), I have been twice very near hanging: You remember when your old Friend *Colledge* had truſs'd me up in his Picture; but you know *Towzer* broke the Rope, and left the *Joyner* to hang in his room: And I han't forgot when my old Maſter *Noll* was like to have ſpoil'd me for an *Obſervator*, but my *Fiddle* brought me off, like *Arion with his Harp*, and ſo I *weather'd the Storm.*

Dr. *O* But there are ſome unlucky *Sayings* that may now ſpoil your Comfortable Expectations; *The Third Time is commonly fatal too*; and *the Pitcher that comes oft from the Well, may be broke at laſt.*

Sir *R.* And ſo you think at laſt may my Neck too; but I hope better Times: However, I muſt tell you, *Titus*, after all my Service to the King and Government, and eſpecially the Church of *England*, I am a little *hardly us'd.*

Dr. *O. Hardly us'd*, ſay you? *Soft* there, I pray, *Hemp and Halter* are *hard* things, I confeſs; but yet they may be *eaſily* born with, for the Good of the Publick, for the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, and the giving every man his due. But how comes the Church of *England* to be ſo much ob-

lig'd

lip'd to you? and the Church of *Rome* not at all?

Sir *R.* Why truly, as I manag'd the matter, I writ for both Churches, accordingly as they paid me, but ſtill that of *Rome* I reſerv'd to reap the benefit of all that ſhould be done or ſaid for the good of any other; by the Obligations of Honour and Gratitude I was retain'd to that Party; for though a Counſel Learned in the Law, may allow himſelf to take Fees on both ſides, yet he is bound in Conſcience to plead moſt ſtrongly for that ſide which has feed him moſt; and he that diſciplin'd your Hide ſo to *Tyburn*, *Titus*, that Officer of the Law being over-feed by the Adverſe Party, did not ſpare you in the leaſt for all your Guineys that you gave.

Dr. *O.* So that, if I apprehend you a-right, there is ſome *Honeſty* even in playing the *Knave*; and that you had a conſtant Sallary for the *Catholick* Cauſe, and but ſome poor Collections from the Church of *England*.

Sir *R.* Though you were once in my Opinion but a very bad Evidence, I ſee you are very good at gueſſing: But for all this, though I deſign'd to ſerve none but the Popiſh Party, I had that jilting Trick to pretend with them too now and then ſome Coyneſs, when I had a mind to ſcrew up my Gallants to be more liberal.

Dr. *O.*

Dr. *O.* Verily, Friend *Roger*, this looks like playing the Rogue, or picking their Pockets, and inſtead of ſerving your King's Intereſt, it was only cheating his *Exchequer*.

Sir *R.* I car'd not for that, the moſt that could follow, was but being counted a Knave by both ſides, or being call'd ſo behind my back; and that will break no Bones: And ſure they'l have more manners than to call a Man of *Worſhip* ſo to his *Face*.

Dr. *O.* Why, this *Worſhipful Face* of thine was never ſo *graceful* upon the Sign-Poſt in *Fleet-ſtreet*, in any Print-ſhop or Coffee-houſe, as when it looks through the Grates of *Newgate*: Nothing but a Gibbet can make it look with a better *Grace*.

Sir *R.* Pray be not ſo ſevere, let us come to ſome Underſtanding; methinks that Place and the *Kings-Bench* ſhould have ſome Correſpondence.

Dr. *O.* I ſcorn your Words, Sir, We keep there better Company than ſuch *Obſervators*; for that's only *Latin* for a *Spy*; and thoſe, like the worſt of Villains, have never any Quarter given them any where.

Sir *R.* Come, come, *bona verba precor*; You don't know what Service I did you when you were ſwearing up your Popiſh Plot: As I told you above, when the Papiſts did not pay me well, I could leave them a little in the lurch. Don't you remember a ſhrew'd Book that would have baffled and burleſqu'd all

your Evidence in the very Bud, call'd the *Compendium*.

Dr. *O.* I, I, some *Popish Rascal*, as well as your self, had a mind, as he thought, to run me down.

Sir *R.* Hold there a little (but you are *Scandalum Magnatum* proof); it was look't upon under the Rose, rather to come from some *Popish Peer*; a man of Parts, and seem'd to carry some weight with it; but I took care, for all he was a Lord, because he had not consulted me in composing it, or let it all alone to me and my *Two Narratives*; therefore, I say, I took care to get it suppress'd; besides, my pay was then behind, and my Pension not yet agreed on.

Dr. *O.* Yes, yes, Friend *Roger*, we know all that peice of *Roguery* of yours too: Can you think such an Evidence as I was, can be ignorant of your Shams and Devices; You inform'd against the *Printer*, got him prosecuted with the *Bookseller*, and had the confidence to tell them afterward in Confession, that it was only because they begun without your leave to ridicule the *Popish Plot* too soon; that you had better Materials for that work ready cut out; but some Encouragement was wanting, and then as soon as your mercinary Pen had compounded for its Pension, you fall a *Dialoguing* and *Observatoring* it away, with *my Black Bills* and *Spanish Pilgrims*, till you had spirited away (as you thought) all *my Plot*.

Sir *R.*

Sir *R.* Prithee man, I believ'd more of that than you do imagine: But why may not a man run down what he has Reason to believe, and what he is really convinc'd of, when there is Ready Money going? Why, man, doſt not thee think I believe the *Apoſtles Creed?* Yet I could have *Obſervator'd* that away for a good Sum of *Gold?*

Dr. *O.* But why ſo dear? when their *Maſter* himſelf was ſold for Thirty Pieces of *Silver?*

Sir *R.* All things were cheaper in thoſe days, and a *Judas* might then better betray his God or Religion for thoſe Thirty, than I can now for Five Hundred Broad Pieces; I could not have kept my Coach upon it: But by the way, *Titus*, I muſt tell thee, he was more Fool than Villain, for beating down the Market, and doing ſuch a deſperate Jobb for ſo vile a Price; why that would have made me hang my ſelf too without Repentance.

Dr. *O.* Gad ha' mercy, Truſty *Roger!* I ſee *Religion* and the *Obſervator* ſhake hands indeed; but 'tis to take leave of one another: Thy Precept is not, *Believe and be ſav'd*, but to *Doubt*, though thou art *damn'd.*

Sir *R.* Why, indeed, I have that Dexterity in Writing, that I can make the World believe I am the only Great Grand-ſon to *Thomas à Didymus*: Beſides *Scepticiſm*, even in Sacred Matters, is ſuch a perfect Evidence in this Age, of a man's being

an Extraordinary Wit; such a Specimen of his Gentile Breeding and Excellent Parts, that I might as well have walk'd abroad without my Sword, after I was *Knighted*, as to be servilely bound to believe my Senses.

Dr. *O.* Indeed that Honour was bestow'd in haste; but the Sun, you know, indifferently shines on Dunghills: Yet some are of Opinion that your Dubbing might have been better perform'd at *Windsor*, where there are many honester *poor Knights*, made out of *decay'd Old Gentlemen*.

Sir *R.* Fy, fy. This is not fair: I'le tell you no more of *Salamanca*: Come, come, You are a Doctor, and I a Knight.

Dr. *O.* Indeed you have done more Exercise for your Degree, than ever I did for mine; but that's no matter.

Sir *R.* But do you not think, now after all, that I did very great Services to your late King, and promoted with my Excellent Papers, very much his coming to the *Crown*?

Dr. *O.* Doubtless; and yet after all, some Honest Men are of Opinion, and ever thought thee not so much to write for *thy King* as for *thy Self*, for *Bread*, or for those Whores that would otherwise have brought thee to a *morsel* of it. *Ketch* could as well have boasted of his *Loyalty*, when he was so well paid for exercising my Hide, as thou *Observator* for scourging the Dissenters only for his *Sallary*.

Sir

Sir *R.* Oh! Oh! I see what you would be at; You would have had me acted like an Honest Man, without Interest and Design: Gad, I was so far from that, where-ever I met with any Copies that came from such hands as seem'd to have nothing but *Honesty* for their Ends, and such as I was sure had no quarterly payments with me and my Fellow-Labourer, *Johnson*; (I don't mean thy Fellow-Sufferer *Julian*, *Titus*, but his Namesake, and a Doctor of another Faculty): Why then, though they were never so Learned, or what we call'd Loyal; I first pickt out the finest Paragraphs, and prettiest Periods, and then put them into *Observators*, that were ready cut out for Contents: *Taylors* and *Fiddlers*, you know, are allow'd to be light finger'd, and then why not *Observators* too? Then I either kept the Papers and Writings, or else return'd them, after long keeping, as unseasonable; as I did by the Works of a worthy *Divine*, and some others: For Faith, I having gotten into my Hands the whole *Monopoly* of *Observations*, could no more suffer an *Interloper*, than the Gentlemen of the *East-India* Company; and I being Deputy-Governour of all the Province call'd *Scribble*, there was not a *Tory Song*, or *Loyal Ballad*, could pass Muster without my leave.

Dr. *O.* Very likely: The poor Ballad-singers had a very hard time of it, when their Wind-pipe must be stopt, and the Wretches starv'd, unless

unleſs they would firſt ſpit in thy Mouth, or greaſe thy Fingers. I am inform'd, if it were a good ſelling Ballad, you alway went ſnacks for half. But how the Devil came the *Iriſh* Ballad out?

Sir *R. O Tempora! O Mores!* The iniquity of the Times, *Titus:* This *Liberty* of Conſcience brought in *Liberty* of the Preſs again; and you know I never was for any *Liberty*, but when I was in a Goal.

Dr. *O.* O! yes, *Roger*, for the *Liberty* of Scribling, the *Liberty* of Evil-ſpeaking, the *Liberty* of Lying and Slandering, the *Liberty* of Whoring, or any Chriſtian *Liberty*, except *Liberty* of Conſcience; and yet you would fain have been nibbling at that *Liberty* too, in your *Hocus Pocus Anſwer* to the *Letter* to the *Diſſenter:* and by this thy confounded piece of Nonſenſe and Contradiction, haſt quite baffled all thy Works that ever went before.

Sir *R.* I' Faith, now you have hit upon my Maſter-piece: There were all Parties concern'd in that *matchleſs*, *unparallell'd*, *unimitable*, *incomprehenſible Piece*, of *Tergiverſation*, *Calumniation*, *Equivocation*, and *Replication* for *Moderation.*

Dr. *O.* Poo! this ſtuff is juſt of the ſame ſtamp with all that Nonſenſical *Anſwer:* Was there ever a Fellow that would ſet up for a *Wit* in a Coffee-houſe, who did play the *Fool* ſo, as to write a Book that no body could tell what to make of

of it? Like the Painter of the Sign-Posts, that was forc'd to put to his Pictures, *This is the Lyon*, *This is the Bear*, leſt they ſhould be taken for *Camels* or *Elephants*: Why, hadſt thou not put *Anſwer* in the Title Page, it might have paſt for a *Vindication*.

Sir *R.* 'Tis all one to me: Pox, I cou'd not anſwer it as it ſhould be; but I was oblig'd to ſay ſomewhat, *Harry Care* would have got away my Penſion elſe, for ſaying ſomewhat to the purpoſe, ſo I put upon my Maſters the Papiſts, as Workmen do when they are hir'd by the Whole, make ſlight work of it; beſides, I printed over the whole Letter (and that was as much as to ſay) let them anſwer it that can for me: and there I was on the Proteſtants ſide again before I was aware of it, for it ſpread the Letter all over the Kingdom, and was ten times better than my Licence.

Dr. *O.* This indeed is excellent, *Roger*; and *Roguery* all over; if thee canſt but cheat the Devil too, thy work is done: that Old Serpent is ſaid to be full of ſubtle Invention, and yet thy Diſtinguiſhing Faculty, thy playing Faſt and Looſe, could almoſt revenge Mankind, and Beguile Him; it is ſaid, there never was but one word ever puzzel'd Him, and yet thy *Anſwers*, like his *Oracles*, are as full of Amphibologies; thy *Formal Quiddities*, and *Political Modalities* are indeed ſuch *nonſenſical Nullities*, that, in my conſcience, the Devil himſelf does not know what to make of them.

Sir

Sir *R.* So they said once of thy Plot too, *Titus*; but Time will show what I have been.

Dr. *O.* The greatest *Knave*, I hope, that ever put Pen to Paper.

Sir *R.* Fy, fy, that's too broad a word for a *Knight*.

Dr. *O.* No, no, it was the old English word for it, and you have mightily help't to restore it to its primitive signification.

Sir *R.* I must confess, *Titus* (as thy Friend *Tom. Hunt* has it in the Characters he gives of thy Excellencies) I have been a little *Incurious* in what some men call strict Honesty, and a little too *Apert* in my Prevarications; but I hope that is not presently down-right Knavery: I writ once a notable Piece against *Popery*, but that did not take with the Court; then out comes my Book of *Toleration discust*, and there I think I tickl'd off the *Presbyterians*, and laid *Liberty* of Conscience, *Scruple* and *Zeal*, upon their backs as flat as a Flounder; but as the Devil would have it, presently after out comes King *Charles* his Indulgence, and then you know I was bound by my place to say somewhat for that too; but as bad luck would have it again, soon after the Parliament damn'd it, and then again my *Cake was dough*, so to work I went, and Tantivy'd away the Toleration I had tickl'd *up* and *down* before. Then in came'st thee, *Titus*, soon after, with thy Discoveries, which at first I was for magnifying very much; for I had not receiv'd my Money, my

Ready

Ready *Rayno*, for running it down; ſo heſitating ſome time for the Title of my next Book, (for you muſt know I have writ many a Book only for a Title ſake, without conſidering the ſubject) then I ſay, doubting whether I ſhould make thy Diſcovery, *An Horrid Plot* and *Conſpiracy* of the *Papiſts*; or the *Hiſtory* of *Titus* and *Tale* of a *Tub*, out came the *Geldt* Man (for we muſt have a little Dutch for theſe Times) and then I fell a *Roguing* of you, and you fell a *Raſcalling* of me: But I think I ſpoil'd your Plot for you.

Dr. *O.* And I think, *Roger*, I made you run away for it too, as I remember.

Sir *R.* But when I return'd again, you know beſt what work I made, I did you no ſmall miſchief in the management of your *Demetrius*; made your Silver-ſmith, *Prance*, pay you off in your own Coin; I manag'd his Retractation juſt as you had done his Evidence; and as great a *Maker* of *Shrines* as he was for *Diana's Temple*, I paid him off, I think, with the *Braſs Screws* and *Antipendiums*. But then, you know, I ſoon ſanctified him again, when I had brought the poor Penitent to Confeſſion; and a little Pillory-penance, a better Expiation than you put upon *Pickering's* Bum. But I did him ſome good offices for the durance he underwent, and ſav'd him from dancing the Courant you had led up but a little before, ſince he was ſo civil and good na-

tur'd as to depoſe upon Oath to the Recantation I had ready, and make me famous for a Diſcoverer as well as Obſervator.

Dr. *O.* He could never make thee worſe than thou wert before, *Roger*.

Sir *R.* You interrupt me now, Sir, as if you had me at the *Old Baily*, and none to ſpeak but the King's Evidence; I were giving you at large an Hiſtory of the Obſervator, all famous Authors write their own Lives, you know. After I had thus Obſervator'd away a Volume or two for the Papiſts, and made the Churchmen believe 'twas all for themſelves, I got my Briefs to go about among the Clergy for collecting their Eleemoſynary Contributions; when I was thus farting full, like *Virgil's Harpys*, I fell a ſquirting upon the Tables that fed me: I came to my *Modalities*, my *Court-Trimmers*; from thence I advanc'd to my *non Obſtante*, *Dernier Reſort*, *Laſt Appeal*; and were before-hand with the *Judges* in my *Suſpending Power*, *Diſpenſing Power*, *Repealing Power*; from my *Richard* againſt *Baxter*, I came to *Roger* againſt *L—— Str——* from my *Diſſenters Sayings*, to my Anſwer to a *Letter* to *Diſſenters*; from *Toleration Diſcuſt*, to my taking away *Teſts* and *Penal Laws*, till theſe Dutch Devils came and caſt me into this Dungeon; but I ſee I muſt ſay ſomewhat for them too.

Dr.

Dr. *O.* But it ſeems you have nothing to ſay for dealing thus Ungratefully with the Reverend the Clergy, that ſo charitably ſupplied your Neceſſities.

Sir *R.* No matter for that, I had gratified them before-hand, my Politicks helpt many of them to moſt excellent Notions in Divinity: You may talk of their Metropolitans and Dioceſans, I Gad! I was always *The* Guide *of the Inferiour Clergie*, I taught them at firſt the fam'd *Paſſive Obedience* and *Non-Reſiſtance* againſt *Higher Powers*, till the Reverend Gentlemen ran it up ſo *high*, that at laſt, Gadſookers, we could get no one to make any *Reſiſtance* at all for the King: They went, I ſay, beyond the *Copy* I ſet them: Their *Obedience* was at laſt too *Paſſive*, and we could not get them to exerciſe a little *Active* Valour for their deſtruction, againſt thoſe that came to preſerve them.

Dr. *O.* Could any Confidence but Thine ſet up thus for a Dictator to ſuch a Learned Body, and defame the moſt Eminent of the *London*-Clergy, by pretending to inſtruct them, only becauſe ſome young Deacons would come to edifie at the delivery of thy Oracles over a diſh of Coffee; and yet you find after all your Knavery, you could infatuate but few of them to be ſuch Fools, as to believe all that was ſaid in an Obſervator.

Sir *R.* I foreſaw that too, and ſo was before-hand with them; I found, for all their being poſted for Papiſts in your *Courantiers*, *Intelligences*, *Packets*, and the like, what would follow; I had a better Noſe than your *Cares* and *Curtiſes*, and knew, when it came to pinch, they would ſhew themſelves the ſtouteſt Oppoſers of *Popery*; and that it was to no purpoſe for me to think of wheadling them into down-right Converts: and therefore notwithſtanding their kind Collections, I gave them now and then ſome ſharp Touches; I told them plainly, I found even in my Church of *England* many *Trimmers* and *Tekelites*; That the Court was full of them, who croſt my intereſt, and would have ſtopt my Pay; then I ſingl'd out ſome of them, and Obſervator'd them to the purpoſe; and, like a Deer that I had wounded, would not let them herd again with the Church.

Dr. *O.* Prithee with what countenance, but thy own, couldſt thee offer, *Roger*, to abuſe ſo many Perſons of more *Quality*, *Honeſty*, and *Loyalty* than thy ſelf?

Sir *R.* Why, Man? What doſt thee talk of *Quality* and *Loyalty*? I neither ſpar'd the *Loyal Parliament* it ſelf, that kept your Late King out of *Monmouth's* Clutches; for thou knoweſt, *Titus*, they hung an Arſe afterward, when it was come to *Qualifie* all Papiſts by an Act of Parliament; but you know

know I was for it, with my *Brother Member* and *Amanuenſis*, both you know of *B--d H--d*'s making, and we were bound to do ſomewhat for our Beneſactor; but tho' I could not ſpeak ſo much in the Houſe, having not that gift of Tongues, I made it up the next day in Obſervators, and there you would be ſure to have my *Speeches* and *Anſwers* of *Parliament*; inſomuch, that, when a certain bold Gentleman (whom perhaps an ordinary Capacity may reſpect and eſteem, as of a noble Family, an ingenuous Perſon and excellent Lawyer) did but venture to paſs a little Reflection upon me in the Houſe of Commons, I anſwer'd him the next day in my News-Book; and there I think I met with his Memberſhip for all the Priviledge of Parliament: but I had my revenge at laſt, for I never left him till from a *Court-Trimmer*, as he was, and for *ſpeaking* againſt *me*, he was helpt from *ſolliciting* any more for the King.

Dr. *O.* Thy *Anſwers* and *Orations* in Parliament, *Roger*, I perceive were all like that of Mr. *Chaloner*'s, which was call'd *A Speech without Doors*; but did it not deſerve the *Bar* for abuſing your Members *out* of *door*, for what they ſaid *in* it?

Sir *R.* Look you now! a man cannot talk of his Proweſs, but you muſt be plucking down his Plumes with *Bars* and Impriſonments: I think they ought to have *ſpew'd* me out alſo; but I fear no

Bar

Bar now but that of the *Old Baily*. Prithee let me go on with my *Narrative* of my ſelf; by thoſe two I gave you of your Plot, you may perceive I am as good at *Narrative* as you are: You ſee how I ſerv'd my Churchmen with a bit and a knock, that they hardly ſaw who hurted them; and you know how I had har'd the Diſſenters, till I had almoſt hunted them into the Church, and when ſome grave and moderate Divines, by their Mediation, had brought them quite in, and many began to come to Common Prayer: This was like to make an Union among Proteſtants, and gain our Church of *England* many Proſelytes and much Reputation.

Dr. *O.* But *I* dare ſwear you were for none of ſuch Converts.

Sir *R.* No, you may be ſure of it: and ſo to work *I* went to ſpirit them out again: *I* laid my ſelf up a whole week from greater Concerns, to prove, That for all they came to Confeſſion, tho' they conform'd to all the Ceremony of the *Liturgie*, Reſponces, Poſtures, and received the very Sacraments in the Form the Church requires, all this ſignified nothing, they long'd ſtill for the Fleſh-pots of *Egypt*; their hearts were not *with us*, and therefore muſt be *againſt us*. They *Trimm'd* only with God *Almighty*, and ſo *I* put this *Hook* into *their Noſtrils*, and return'd them to the place from

from whence they came; *I* profecuted them into the Church, and then perfecuted them out again; that the Church might not be the better for them, nor they the better for the Church.

Dr. *O.* But *I* think You were once about fhewing the Diffenters a fcurvy Trick, and worfe than all the reft; and that was about Sir *Edmondbury's* bufinefs, only fome unlucky Circumftances would not let it hang together.

Sir *R.* I faith, *I* had feagu'd them elfe; *I* had certainly made Him *their Martyr* indeed, that is, *I* mean, *Martyr'd* by them. My two Books would have bid fair for that too; for when my hand is in, *I* can prove any thing: but for fome certain Reafons *I* found *Felo de fe*, and the killing of himfelf, to be the better way. He *fell* upon his Sword, 'tis certain, and that upon *Primrofe-Hill*, *I* fay: which I've made out fo plain in my two Treatifes, on that Subject, that you may as well disbelieve the Bible, or think *Saul* never *fell* fo on *Mount Gilboa.*

Dr. *O.* But there was a plaguy Obfervation that a certain Chirurgeon made againft this, which feems to have fome weight with it: When perfons do deftroy themfelves, fall voluntarily on their Swords, when they are thus run through, the Orifice in the Back from the bent and pofition of the

the body, muſt be higher than that before in the Breaſt; whereas the quite contrary appear'd here, and the Orifice behind, where the Sword came *out*, was lower than that before where the Sword went *in*. But beſides, Mr. Obſervator, if *violent preſumptions* may take place, and, which a great Lawyer call'd a *plain Proof*, Mr. *Sp*—'s being pluck'd in at the ſame Water-gate only for reſembling ſo much Sir *Edm.* and his hearing *Hill* bidding them to let him go, and that they had miſtook the Man; this ſeems not ſo ridiculous a Connexion as an Obſervator may be ready to make it.

Sir *R.* All this *I* value not a ruſh: what is *Spence* to *Godfrey*? They are two *different* Names, they were two *different* perſons, and perhaps the one is *alive*, and *I* am ſure the other is *dead*.

Dr. *O.* But are not theſe a ſort of Arguments which you uſe to call *Trifling*, and *Ribaldry*?

Sir *R.* I, and ſo they are in any body but the Obſervator: pray have not *I*, that have the Licenſing of the Preſs, leave to call things as *I* pleaſe, and make them what *I* pleaſe too? There were indeed two or three plaguy Affidavits taken by Juſtice *Dolb*—*n* about the buſineſs, of perſons that ſaw this unfortunate Gentleman parlying with ſome certain Fellows the ſame night at the ſame Water-gate, when and where he was ſworn to be deſtroyed;

ſtroyed; and whatever was the profligate *Life* of the *Witneſs* (whom you know *I* ſet forth with a *Witneſs* too) ſome credulous men may think *Bedloe* might be believed on his *Death*-bed, and his Teſtimony then taken by the Lord Chief Juſtice, and publiſht under his own Hand; Theſe (I ſay) are mighty Matters with men of ordinary Capacities; but what is all this to ſuch a man of Wit and Parts as my ſelf to confute? Why prithee, had they not been things *Unanſwerable*, it had been below my Pen to give an *Anſwer* to them. You know 'tis one of my old Maxims, That *Nothing* but *Print* can anſwer *Print*; ſo that if Judges take *Affidavits* and *Tryals*, and the like, and *Print* them; and the Parliament their Journals and Votes, and put them into *Print*; I ſay, My *Print* is as good as Their *Print*, and I make no more to put them all in an *Obſervator*, than I would a *Spaniel Dog*, or a *ſtoln Horſe* in an Advertiſement.

Dr. *O.* Yes, yes, I remember when it was come to that, that honeſt Gentlemen were poſted up by your peſtilent Papers, like ſo many *Dogs* and *Horſes*; only a man might be *Obſervator'd* cheaper than They *Gazetted*: Even Porters and Carmen, inſtead of boxing it out, could threaten one another with an *Obſervator*.

Sir *R.* Why, you know an Old Saying, *Better play at ſmall Game than ſit out*: And when I

had *drawn* the *General* History of your Plot and Conspiracy quite *dry*; then I came to my Minutes and Particulars; and every day my *Mercuries* and *Mirmidons* brought me in a new Man, and more Matter.

Dr. *O. THE OFFICE OF INTELLIGENCE* for *Lying and Slandering*, should have been writ in Capitals over thy very Door. How many honester men have been Carted by it to *Tyburn*, only for picking a Pocket, while you sate with Authority to rob People of their Reputation that was dearer than Life? But what think you now, *Roger*, of *my Plot and Conspiracy* you say you had *drawn* so to the *Dreggs*? I think it begins to work again, and ferment a little upon the *Lees*: *My Consult* at the *White Horse Tavern*, will appear now no *Tale of a Tub*.

Sir *R.* Prithee *Titus*, don't tell me that; why I tap't it so low, you may remember, till it would run no longer.

Dr. *O.* But the Master of the House has broach'd a new Pipe not long since. What dost thee think, *Roger*, of the late Petition of the Vintner that drew then the Reverend Fathers their Wine, representing, *To the Kings most Excellent Majesty*, the great Service he had done him, in con-

concealing and harbouring in his Houſe the *Jeſuits*, under all their Conſultations, to the hazard of his Life, and loſs of his Trade; deſiring humbly ſome Conſideration, or ſome Office in the *Cuſtom-houſe*; and this notable Petition order'd to be referr'd to ſome Perſons you know, to conſider of ſome Recompence for his Fidelity——This *Inſtrument*; for we will not call it *Evidence*, leſt you ſhould make it *Perjury*, may be produc'd as occaſion ſhall ſerve.

Sir *R.* Fie, this is not fair; now you come in with new matter, when I can write no longer: You know the Late Rules of Court, There was never to be any more ſpeaking after the King's Council had ſumm'd up what they had to ſay, though it was to ſave a man's Life. But you may talk of *introducing Popery* by *Plots* and *Secret Conſults*; I had a better way than all that: I undertook to perſwade the King to make it a Caſe of Conſcience, to promote his Religion, and declare *openly*, we muſt all be of it; for this purpoſe, you know, I ſpent ſeveral *Obſervators* upon the *Theologo-political Caſuiſtical Theſis* and *Opinion*, That every Supream Magiſtrate and Prince was bound in *Conſcience* to anſwer to God for the Religion of all his Subjects, and make them to conform to that which he thought beſt.

Dr. *O.* But what if the *Turk*, by the help of the *Moſt Chriſtian*, had over-run all *Chriſtendom*, and not met with that unlucky *Rub at Vienna*: Muſt he not have been bound in *Conſcience* too, to have made us all *Mahometans*?

Sir *R.* No matter for that: My Reaſons will be Reaſons ſtill; and all the Sayings of the *Obſervator* are like ſome Propoſitions in the Schools, *Æternæ Veritatis*, and that in ſpight of *Turk*, *Jew*, *Pope* or *Antichriſt*.

Dr. *O.* I think by this time we have had a fine and fair *Hiſtory* of thy Life and Converſation; and (but that I don't care for the word) I could call it a *Compendium* of the *Obſervator*, or call it *Compendium*, or *Antipendium*, or what you will; or what is more uſual with us Evidence, *A Narrative*: In my Conſcience 'tis all a true Story. But we King's Witneſſes are better acquainted with the Nature of Teſtimony than ſome Juſtices that take it: You have *told us the Truth*, and *nothing but the Truth*; but you have not told us *the Whole Truth*: After all thy pumping for Evidence, to Dogg that unhappy Gentleman out of his Reputation, after he had been ſo barbarouſly Dogg'd out of his Life; after thy Two Books for the making Sir *Edmondbury* but a *Felo de ſe*, didſt thee never *ſay* or *think* thy ſelf,

ſelf, *Roger*, that he was made away by *Papiſts*?

Sir *R.* Whatever I *thought*, I am ſure I had more Wit than to *ſay* ſo.

Dr. *O.* Then once more upon my *Verbum Sacerdotis*, or what is more ſolemn, upon my reaſſuming my *Prieſthood*, and redintegrating my ſelf again into my Canonical Habit, which you would have diveſted me of, in ſpight of my *Indelible Character*; By this *good Delivery* I have *found*, and by that *Goal-Delivery* thee doſt *fear*, I can prove this upon thee, and all that has been here offer'd, as plain as *Coleman's* Letters, from thy Words and from thy Works, to *thy Face* at *Noon-day* (ſince you ſay, I cannot remember *Faces* ſo well by *Candle-Light*): I have ſome of thy Writings to ſhew for it, beſides a Letter under thy ſcrawling Hand, to a Gentleman in the City, deſiring him to lend you ſome aſſiſtance in diſcovering this Barbarous Murder, *which*, ſay you, *I am ſatisfy'd was committed by ſome zealous and bloody Papiſts.*

Sir *R.* Oddsſookers! Hold thy Tongue; thou wilt ſpoil elſe Two of the beſt Books I ever put out for the Government.

Dr. *O.* But do not the Brothers and Relations of

of that miſerable Gentleman you have ſo defam'd for the worſt of Felons, a Murderer of himſelf, ſtand bound by the Ties of Blood, to purſue thee for thus Tainting of Theirs, as well as arraigning all the Juſtice of the Nation, the Proceedings of Parliament that were upon it, the Solemn and Judicial Proceſs, Judgments and Executions that follow'd in the Inferior Courts of Judicature.

Sir *R.* I can hold now no longer in good Language; I ſee, *Titus*, thou art ſtill the ſame malicious, lying, ſwearing Villain, and wouldſt hang me, if thou couldſt.

Dr. *O.* I am as good at that ſort of Language as you are; and now no more Sir Knight, but, Sirrah, you are a Raſcal, and I ſhall live to ſee thee hang'd without my ſwearing:

And when all Honeſt Men are rid of ſuch a Knave,
Then thus I'le write thy Epitaph, and piſs upon thy Grave.

The

The Epitaph.

M. S.

CAVE VIATOR!

Hic Mortuus *mordet,*
Hic jacet Obſervator *inclytus,*
Naſutus ille Teleſcopus
Judiciarius Reipublicæ Aſtrologus
Qui ſecundum Poli Elevationem
Vel quemlibet Meridiem
Politicas *ſuas ſcripſit* Ephemerides:
Circulator *Egregius*

Qui

Qui Crambe ſua repetita
Et Stylo Verſatili
Per, Retrogrados movebatur Epycy-
clos,
Ecce totam Activitatis *ſuæ* Sphæ-
ram!
In qua celebrata Regibus Fides
Hoc *ſolum habuit* Primum Mobile
Optimam ſcil. Intelligentiam
Angelicum *illud,* Aurum!
Si Operam *ſpectas*
INGENS VOLUMEN,
Si probitatem
codicillus.

Di-

Dictitator *dogmaticus*
Scriptitator *perpetuus*
Observator *sibi Contradictorius.*

QUI
Dictitavit
Scriptitavit
(Et tandem)
Pessundavit
Omnia.

Pro Rege, Phil-Aulicus;
Pro Cromwello, Proto Muficus;
De Ecclesia
Anglicana
Romana
Presbyteriana

Quam Vere Catholicus;

De Omni, & Nulla, *bene Meritus*:

DISSENTIENTIUM

Flagellator Satyricus;

Vindicator Responsorius;

Sic & concordat

ROGERUS, *Dissentiente suo cum*

RICARDO

BAXTERUS, & LE'STRANGIO;

Ultra *quod Carmina possunt*

Fortunati Ambo,

Per Octoginta Annos,

Totidemque Libros.

Hic habes Lector

Vi-

Virum Integrum, *haud* Integerrimum;
Non ultra est *quod Quæras: operibus;*
Post Varios Bissextiles
Fatalem Climacter cum
Invenit
Scribendi Cacoëthes
Ann. Dom. 1688.

FINIS.